

## Humorous Department

**A Modest Wish.**—Montague Glass, the creator of Potash and Perlmutter, says an acquaintance of his, a clothing manufacturer on the East Side of New York, received a call from a city salesman representing a notions, trimming and button house. The visitor began to spread out his samples.

"Put 'em up! Put 'em up!" said the manufacturer in a tired-business-man tone. "I wouldn't care to look at nothing what you got."

"But, Mr. Cohen—"

"S' nough! I won't look. Please go away!"

The salesman gazed at him admiringly.

"Mr. Cohen," he said, "I only wish one thing—I wish I had only fifty customers like you."

"I told you I didn't wish to see nothing what you got."

"Sure you did; and that's why I says I wish I had only fifty customers like you. Instead, I got two hundred."

**First Inning Bulletins.**—Over the high board fence of the park where the champion team of the home town was playing a match game with the champion team of the next town, to decide the season's championship of Rural Route No. Two, floated cries of hatred and exultation. A traveling man, passing along the road that bordered on the grounds, halted his team a moment to listen. A home-run hit sailed over the fence, and through a gap crawled a perspiring rightfielder to recover the ball.

"Great game," said the fielder, wiping his sweaty brow on his shirt-sleeve. "Greatest game we ever had. Looks like we're going to win out, sure!"

"What's the score?"

"Eleven to nothing against us."

"Isn't that a pretty big handicap to overcome?"

"Handicap nothing! Our boys ain't been to bat yet."

**The Light That Failed.**—The audience held their breath and simply thrilled as Jack Bravely, the hero, killed the last of the Indians.

He staggered, fell, he almost fainted with loss of blood.

Then he gazed about him, and suddenly his voice rang out with hope:

"See!" he cried. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!"

The stage remained in darkness.

"See!" he yelled again. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!"

Still darkness reigned.

"The dawn! The dawn!" he screamed, raging about the stage. "It breaks! The dawn!"

A head popped over the mountain top.

"Old 'ard, guv'nor," said the head. "Don't be in such a blossom! 'urry! Someone's bin 'n turned the gas off!"

—Tit-Bits.

**Was It a Threat?**—The following conversation is recorded in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

"That Patrick Mulligan is a funny fellow. I can't quite understand him."

"Why? What's he been up to now?"

"Well, you see, he and I were having a little argument at his house the other evening and then I offered to prove that he was a fool in black and white."

"Yes; what about it?"

"Well, up to then we had confined ourselves to slightly raised voices, but when I said that he flared up immediately."

"Prove O'm a fool in black and white will he?" he yelled. "Well, if you don't clear out of this house at once O'P'll prove in black, blue and red it's a falsehood y'e're telling!"

**Fodder For Lions.**—A menagerie stopped in a little country village, says the Washington Star.

One urchin, with more cheek than cash, thought he would like to see the animals, so he quietly pushed his head through a gap in the canvas and had a look.

But the manager saw him and hauled him out.

"Here, Askippe," he yelled to a helper, "throw this lad into the lion's cage."

If he thought he had alarmed the youngster he was mistaken.

The boy said calmly:

"Wait, mister! If you'll let me see the show for nothing I'll get all the fattest boys in the village to crawl under the canvas tomorrow night!"

**Getting Even.**—Mr. Bryan, America's ex-secretary of state, has told a story of how one of his political enemies got even with him. There was a mass meeting in Nebraska at which Mr. Bryan was to speak, and which was presided over by a man with whom he had crossed swords several times.

There was a real feud on between the two, and when Bryan ascended the platform the presiding officer, ex-Governor Thayer of Nebraska, paid no attention to him.

At last it came time to introduce Bryan, and the chairman walked over to him and inquired:

"What is your name, please?"

"William Jennings Bryan."

"Bryan! Ah, yes," said the chairman. "And what do you do, Mr. Bryan, sing or speak?"—London Tit-Bits.

**Not So Easy.**—A Scottish prison chaplain recently appointed entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection and thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it, says Tit-Bits.

"Well, my man, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Oh, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, ye are? Then I have heard o' ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last two kirk ye were in ye preached them bath empty; but I can say ye willna find it so easy to do the same wi' this place."

**A Testimonial.**—Judge Perry, in a recent article on "Rufus Choate, Advocate," says on occasion Choate would meet with his Sam Weller. Defending a prisoner for the theft of money from a ship, a witness was called who had turned state's evidence, and whose testimony went to prove that Choate's client had instigated the theft.

"Well," asked Choate, "what did he say? Tell us how and what he spoke to you?"

"Why," said the witness, "he told us there was a man in Boston named Choate and he'd get us off if they caught us with the money in our boots."—Tit-Bits.

## EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

**What Various South Carolina Newspapers Think of Various Things.**

One pint of mean corn liquor often gets a man into a peck of trouble.—Fort Mill Times.

**Carrying Water.**

J. Leonard Replogle of New York, who began his business career carrying water to mill hands, has recently paid \$15,000,000 for 300,000 shares of stock in the Cambrian Steel mills. He must have carried water on both shoulders. This is a good story to tell your boy when he gets tired carrying water.—Chesterfield Advertiser.

**Boll Weevil Not Here Yet.**

We are sincerely glad that the boll weevil hasn't reached Chester county yet as we feared last week from the reports from the Peden's Bridge section, but at the same time no great length of time is going to elapse before this enemy of the cotton farmer will be on the scene, for which reason nobody should fail to be getting ready for the diversification of crops that will then become an absolute necessity.—Chester Reporter.

**Jurors Don't Do Duty.**

Two killings at Charleston, two killings at Williston, two killings at Bennettsville, one at Greenville, all constitute the records of the press reports for two days. The carnival of crime continues despite the efforts of governor and judges. It might be well to heed the remarks of Judge Mendel Smith, at Walterboro last week, when he said the remedy lies in the kind of men we select on grand and petit juries.—Camden Chronicle.

**Rural Fairs.**

The fall has seen an unusually large number of rural fairs. There have been county fairs and community fairs. At these gatherings there have been exhibits of farm products, whether live stock or crops of the soil which represent the best efforts of the section in which the fair is held. These gatherings are helpful. Good comes of them. One man sees what his neighbor has done, and learns how it was done. There is an exchange of ideas. There is an augmented ambition. As a result of the various fairs there will be more intensive efforts along agricultural lines; there will be more raising of live stock, of vegetables and of other farm products. The good work should go on. The facts are far more than just passively worth while.—Greenville News.

**Look in the Glass.**

If you feel grouchy and out of sorts and the world seems warped and twisted from all viewpoints, look in the glass. Your own reflection will set you thinking and wondering if perhaps it is not you instead of the world that is warped. When something goes wrong and you feel like cursing or kicking the cat, there is nothing quite so efficacious as looking in a glass. You see yourself as you are and not as perhaps you think you are. All of your hard lines and your ill humor are reflected by the faithful glass, and the moment a fleeting smile begins to creep over your face the glass will magnify it and glorify it until in but a short time you will be forgetting entirely your ill humor and will be smiling for pure joy of living. Look in the glass.—Barnwell Sentinel.

**Midnight Schools.**

We wish to add our word of commendation to the action of the promoters of the night school of the Midway community. So far as we know, this is the first school of the kind to be operated in a rural section of Lancaster county, and the people of this section are going to be the gainers thereby. It now remains for those who need the assistance of such an agency to take immediate advantage of the help offered to advance their personal interest. They will be proud in the days to come that they did so; and they need not feel ashamed to make the effort to overcome past loss of opportunities.

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## Miscellaneous Reading

**BATTLE AROUND LOOS**

Uncientific and Most Horribly Bloody.

Berlin, November 10.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The fighting around Loos, where the British succeeded in capturing a part of the foremost positions of the German lines in September, is still the subject of descriptive reports in the press. One of the most animated of these descriptions is from the pen of Bernhard Kellermann, known in America as the author of "The Tunnel." He says that after four days of incessant fighting the British began a gas attack on the morning of September 25. Four separate waves of gas, alternately white and dark gray, were blown forward toward the German lines; and at the same time the British artillery was hurling gas bombs upon the Germans. The latter coughed and held their ground as long as they could, but many fell, unable to resist the fumes. In the midst of all this the Germans were preparing for the expected infantry attack. Finally the British appeared, emerging suddenly as if from nowhere, behind a cloud of gas, and wearing masks. They came on in thick lines and storming columns. The first line of the attackers was quickly shot down by the hail of rifle and machine gun bullets that rained upon them from the shattered German trenches; the last grenades exploded in a terrible havoc, some of them cutting down six or eight men. The dead and wounded soon lay like a wall before the German position. The second and third lines of English suffered the same fate. It was estimated that the number of British killed before this German division alone reached 8,000 to 10,000.

**Fourth Line Succeeded.**

The fourth line of attackers, however, finally succeeded in over-running the decimated front line of Germans, who stood by their guns to the very last; those of them who had not fallen were made prisoners. Not one of them returned to tell what happened in this terrible fighting. On the neighboring front, too, the British succeeded in breaking the German line, and gained here from 500 to 2,000 yards.

At the second German position, where their reserves were in waiting, the attack was completely checked. The fighting lost something of its fierceness as the afternoon waned; and September 25 ended with hand-to-hand encounters and hand grenades attacks at various points along the front. The Germans made a last effort to break through the British line, but were repulsed.

The British renewed the next morning their attempts to break through the German lines. They tried with quite new tactics—or, rather, with very old tactics that are not of date in this war. It was a thing wholly unexpected; and the staff officers looked on with open-mouthed wonder. Shortly before noon it was observed that the British had massed and in echelon formation of eight ranks were advancing from Loos to attack us.

Their artillery was sending down a hail of shells to beat open a path for these storming masses. At the same time the enemy mounted artillery, in broad day light rode up to take up a position upon Hill 70, to the east of Loos, which is nothing more than a slight elevation in the landscape and is not noticed in riding across the fields.

The batteries were "carrying bridge material with them to enable them to make crossings over trenches and natural obstructions. Still more—one or two mounted cavalry regiments were observed on the plain far to the rear.

**Old-time Battle Plan.**

"Eight ranks of infantry, mounted artillery, cavalry in the background—that was too much! A veritable battle plan of a past age, the product of a mind in its dotage and a half-century behind the times! Commanders of armies get out of date in our times as rapidly as inventions and sciences, whereas the lives taught by this war is that the lives of soldiers should be entrusted to the most modern, most elastic and most highly endowed minds—the very pick of a nation's best talent. The English should have sent back their old celebrities to take charge of the communications.

"Splendidly, with admirable courage, the English troops came forward to the attack. They were young, wore no decorations, they carried out with blinding courage what the modern, modern armies ordered—and this in a period of mortars, machine guns and the telephone. Their behavior was splendid, but all the more pitiable was the break down of their attack.

"The eight-ranks columns, before they had advanced ten paces, got into our mixed fire of rifles, machine guns and artillery—all at the call of the telephone. Our batteries were only asked to fire when the English, in their excellency, was not prepared for this. Fresh reserves were put into action, only to be moved down by the cross-fire from our machine guns. The English mounted artillery had a wretched end; it not only got into the range of our machine guns but at the same time our heavy mortars (called by telephone) raked it so rapidly and so accurately that their guns were unable to limber their guns.

The cavalry regiments waiting in the background for the order to attack were greeted with some salvos of heavy sabres from their scabbards. That ended the battle. The attack broke down in front of our wire entanglements.

"An enormous number of dead lay before our trenches. The enemy's losses for the two days before this German division alone amounted, at a low estimate, to 20,000 men. The lesson that Kellermann thinks should be learned from the fighting here is that 'war is not a sport in the hands of a dozen privileged dilettantes.'"

**PROPOSED LEGISLATION**

Representative from Anderson County Would Make Some Changes.

Representative Samuel M. Wolfe has drafted several resolutions and bills he intends to introduce during the approaching session of the general assembly, says the Anderson Mail.

In fact he has quite a number of them. Some of the more important pertaining to the following subjects:

Among the resolutions is one proposing a constitutional amendment providing for divorce by a court of competent jurisdiction in this state on the adjudged grounds of incurable impotency at the date of marriage, adultery, abandonment for a period of two years or longer, solitary and unchastity, inexcusable non-support on part of husband, pregnancy at time of

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marriage without knowledge or agency of husband, actual violence on part of husband on person of wife, attended with danger to life and health.

One of the bills provides a tax of \$3 on each male dog and a tax of \$5 on each open or fertile bitch in Anderson county.

Another bill provides that the annual salary of a circuit judge will be fixed at \$3,500.

Mr. Wolfe proposes a bill to provide for the legitimizing of children born or begotten out of wedlock by subsequent marriage of parents.

A joint resolution drafted by Mr. Wolfe provides for a state constitutional amendment for the abolishment of the death penalty except in cases of rape only.

Another proposed bill reads: "When any corporation carrying on any business in this state in which laborers are employed, whose wages, under the business rule or custom of such corporation, are paid monthly or weekly on a fixed day beyond the end of the month or week in which the labor is performed, shall discharge any such laborer, the wages which have been earned by such discharged laborers, shall become immediately due and payable. And if not so paid, then such laborer shall recover in addition thereto a penalty of as much per day, for the time such wages shall remain unpaid, not exceeding 30 days, as he was received at the time."

Another bill reads: "That after the passage and approval of this act it shall be the duty of any county in the state in which a convict has been sentenced to serve a term on the public works of said county, in the alternative, and said sentence and afterward pays his or her fine, under said sentence, to allow said convict twenty-five cents per diem for the time actually served on the public works as he has received at the time."

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A proposed bill provides regulation around the polls on election days. The text of this bill follows:

"Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of South Carolina: "Section 1. That on and after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful for any person other than the voter or managers of election, to be within a radius of 100 feet of the polls at any voting precinct, during the time said poll is open for voting in any primary or general election. And any one found guilty of violating this law shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not more than \$100 or imprisoned not more than 30 days, at the discretion of the court. And it shall be the duty of the managers of election at the respective polls to see that this law is enforced and to prosecute all violators of this provision."

**THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS**

One of the Most Important in the Mediterranean Sea.

"Cyprus is one of the most important islands in the Mediterranean," says a bulletin given out recently by the National Geographic society, which describes England's reported offer to the Greeks for their aid in the world-war.

The world-war. There are just two islands in the "British Isles" larger than Cyprus, and these are Sicily and Sardinia. There are few islands in the world more rich in historical associations, and none, probably, more coveted by a powerful neighbor.

"The island lies in the mouth of a pocket formed by Asia Minor and Syria at the northeastern end of the Mediterranean, being about equally distant from the mainland to the north and to the east. It has an area of 5,554 square miles, or is as large as the states of Delaware and Rhode Island combined. Its greater length is 141 miles and its greater width is 60 miles, while its average width is more than 35 miles. A great part of the island is taken up by two mountain ranges, one of which fills much of the southern and central part, and the other of which stretches along the northern coast.

The coast of Asia Minor lies 45 miles to the north, and that of Syria between 50 and 55 miles to the east. Although nominally a possession of the Ottoman empire until the outbreak of hostilities between the Turks and the Allies, Cyprus has been administered by Great Britain since 1878, and now forms an integral part of the British empire. England occupies it for the purpose of improving the conditions of health on the island, as it has been a stimulus to the commercial development.

"The mountains of the island are wild and beautiful and upon their sides the forests are still growing that were famed and prized in early Egyptian times. They also contain the mines of copper, celebrated among the ancients and still richly productive. The highest altitude is attained by Mount Troodos, with a summit 5,406 feet above sea level.

"A wide valley runs east and west, through the central part of the island. This valley is about 60 miles long, with a breadth varying from 10 to 20 miles. The mountain ranges on either side send their waters to the valley through intermittent torrents. Much of this lowland is uncultivated, though in the northern parts grain is grown. The soil of the whole valley is good, and there is no reason why the uncertain water supply might not be supplemented, bringing the land under cultivation.

"The wonderful forests of the land, however, in more than 2,000 years of exploitation, that have passed over them have been almost entirely cut away. These forests built the ships of Egypt, of Greek Syrian rules, of Asia Minor cities, and of Turkey, and all that remains of their once much-heralded glory are the pine groves on the mountains. Today the whole island is bare and treeless, and the loss of the forests has many disadvantages of climate have come upon the land, so that Cyprus of the present is not the bright home for men so bravely praised by the Greeks of classic times. It is, nevertheless, a valuable land, and much of its former splendor should be brought back to it by the proper administration and development. The English have already begun this work of rehabilitation."

"The population of the island is estimated at 240,000, Greeks and

Turks. The chief towns are Nicosia, the capital, with 15,000 inhabitants, the largest city, Limassol and Larnaca. Most of the people gain their livelihoods by agriculture. The methods employed are the most ancient as are the traditions of the island, and the inhabitants are sturdily opposed to innovation. The olive, mulberry, grapes, and other fruits, oil, seeds, cotton and all sorts of vegetables are undertaken for the reclamation of the soil, so fruitful of old, and many acres have been brought back under cultivation. In passing, it may be stated, that the miles of Cyprus have found favor in all of British history, since that walled against Russia in the Crimea.

"Cyprus does an annual trade of about \$1,500,000. It is handicapped in the development of its commerce owing to a want of natural harbors and to an eastern fatalism too thoroughly learned to permit of much initiative. Since the British occupation some energy has been brought into the little land, but there still remains a great deal to be accomplished before a great Europe commerce and business management can become indigenous. Great Britain, administrators Cyprus through a high commissioner, with the powers of a colonial governor."

**GENERAL NEWS NOTES**

Items of Interest Gathered from All Around the World.